

Britannia's

G A R L A N D,

Containing four excellent

New Songs.

- I. Britannia's Call to her Sons on Expectation
of a French War:
- II. The Dusky Night,
- III. The Soldiers Farewel.
- IV. Collin Stole my Heart away.



Licensed and Enter.d according to Order.



Britannia's Call to her Sons

On expectation of a French War.

Tune.—Come then all ye social powers

COME ye lads who wish to shine
Bright in future story,
Haste to arms and form the line
That leads to martial glory.

C H O R U S.



Charge the musket, point the lance,
Brave the worst of dangers,
Tell the blust'ring sons of France
That we to fear are strangers.

Britain, when the lion's rous'd,
And the flag is rearing,
Always finds her sons dispos'd
To drub the foe that's daring.
Charge the musket, &c.

Hearts

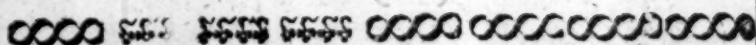
Hearts of oak with speed advance,
 Pour your naval thunder
 On the trembling Shores of France,
 And strike the World with wonder.
 Charge the musket, &c.

Honour for the brave to share
 Is the noblest booty;
 Guard your coast, protect the fair,
 For that's a Briton's duty.
 Charge the musket, &c.

What if Spain to take their parts,
 And form a base alliance,
 All unite, and English hearts
 May bid the World defiance.

CHORUS.

Beat the drum, the Trumpet found,
 Manly and united,
 Danger face, maintain your ground,
 And see your country righted.



The DUSKY NIGHT.

THE dusky night rides down the sky;
 And ushers in the morn;
 The hounds all make a jovial cry,
 The huntsman winds his horn,
 Then a hunting let us go, &c.

The wife around her husband throws,
 Her arms to make him stay,
 My dear, it hails, it rains, it blows,
 You cannot hunt to-day.
 But a hunting we will go, &c.

The uncavern'd Fox like light'ning flies,
 His cunning's all awake;
 To gain the race he eager tries,
 His forfeit life the stake
 When a hunting we will go, &c.

Arous'd e'en echo huntress turns,
 And madly shouts for joy;
 The sportsman's breast enraptur'd burns,
 The chace can never cloy.
 Then a hunting we will go, &c.

Despairing mark she seeks the tide,
 His art must now prevail;

Hark

Hark! shouts the miscreants death-batide,
 He speeds his cunning frail,
 When a hunting we will go, &c.

For lo his strength to Faintness worn,
 The hounds arrest his flight;
 Then hungry homeward we return,
 To feast away the night,
 Then a drinking we will go, &c.



The Soldier's FAREWELL.

MY dearest girls we are now amarching,
 Alas, it is a sorrowful parting!
 Since no longer you can attend us,
 It is past your power now to befriend us;
 A long farewell.

The drums are beating to alarm them,
 We wish to stay still in your arms;
 But we must go, and cross the ocean;
 The American's keep us all in motion.
 A long farewell.

How happy we've been in this city,
 To leave it now we think it a pity;
 But our presence is wanted yonder,
 Where the cannons roar like thunder.
 A long farewell.

I think I hear my brother crying,
 March my lads, the colours flying,
 Our cause is just we'll be victorious,
 If we're kill'd our death is glorious.

A long farewell.

Bafe be the man that this invented,
 We with our states might be contented;
 Thousand of lives there are destroy'd;
 Still we'll march in peace and Joy.

A long farewell.

But what's the good of these reflections,
 To go abroad we've no objections;
 We'll serve his Majesty with pleasure,
 As we are supported by his treasure.

A long farewell.

dear Mothers, weep not for us,
 We're going to fight for Britain's glory;
 Our country calls, our courage to display,
 The Drums are beating, there's no delay.

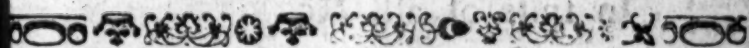
A long farewell.

Oh

Oh our Wives and dearest children,
 Still the heavenly powers befriend them!
 Still be their guide, and still support them,
 Since no longer we can resort them.

A long farewell.

Oh, dearest friends, we're going to leave you,
 Let not our Absence fore aggrieve you;
 When these wars are fairly over,
 All these Troubles we'll recover,
 Farewel till then.



Collin Stole my Heart away.

THE fields were green and hills
 were gay,
 And birds were singing on each spray:
 Young Collin met me in a grove,
 And told me tender tales of love;
 Was ever swain so blythe as he,
 So kind, so faithful and so free.

In spite of all my friends could say,
 Young Collin stole my heart away.

And when he trips the mead along,
 So sweetly joins the woodlark's song,
 And when he dances on the green,

There's

There's none so blythe as Colin seen;
 For when he's by I nothing fear,
 For I alone am all his Care.

In spite of all, &c.

My mother chides me that I roam,
 And seems surpriz'd I quit my home:
 She would not wonder why I rove,
 Did she but know how much I love;
 Full well I know the generous swain
 He ne'er would give my bosom pain.

In spite of all, &c.

So in Hymen's bands let's joined be,
 And live in love and unity,
 My dear, says she, I'll constant prove
 As ever did the turtle dove.

In spite of all, &c.

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